

Hymns

for the Hours.

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H y m n s

FOR THE

H o u r s.

*I love Thee, Father, not because
This is Thy sovereign will,
Because Thy hand created me
With true and loving skill.*

*I love Thee, not because with Thee
Abideth strength and health,
Because Thy favour makes men great
And blesses them with wealth.*

*I love Thee for Thy purity,
Thy purity of fire,
Whose flames ascend for evermore
In infinite desire.*

*I love Thee for Thy face serene,
Whose beauty glows with light,
Reflecting all the fragrant prayers
That rise from out our night.*

*I love Thee, Father, for Thy love,
I know not how nor why;
I only know I yield to Thee
A love that cannot die.*

Hymns for the Hours

OF DAY AND NIGHT.

A SEQUENCE OF
DEVOTIONAL SONNETS.

KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE, Ph. D.

PHILADELPHIA :
GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO.
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COMING.

The fairest harmonies are those that come
Unsought, descending gently from on high
Like cooling dew, to still the fragrant cry
Of saints by adoration overcome.

The noblest songs of man are not his own :
They burst through lips that have been
 cleansed by fire,
From glories traveling to heights still higher,
Never to rest until before the throne.

No human singer ever did create
A veritable song. It is the song
From all eternity unsung that seeks

Sufficient purity to incarnate.
Hence, if a man would sing, let him but
 long
For God ; and it is God, not he, that speaks.

HYMNS FOR THE
FORENOON.

FIRST WATCH OF DAY.

THE AIM OF LIFE.

First Half-Hour	6.00 A.M.
Second Half-Hour	6.30
Third Half-Hour	7.00
Fourth Half-Hour	7.30
Fifth Half-Hour	8.00
Sixth Half-Hour	8.30

SECOND WATCH OF DAY.

THE INSUFFICIENCY OF THIS LIFE.

First Half-Hour	9.00 A.M.
Second Half-Hour	9.30
Third Half-Hour	10.00
Fourth Half Hour	10.30
Fifth Half-Hour	11.00
Sixth Half-Hour	11.30

FIRST HALF-HOUR.

We know not who we are, we struggling
souls,

Who live this earthly life of smiles and tears,
Of sleep and labour, sorrow, joys and fears,
Now strong young gods, now swine whom
lust controls.

At times, when we recall the words of youth
We see in them strange glories, now re-
vealed,

But then declared in ignorance, and sealed
Unto the hearts that spoke them forth as
truth.

We know not who we are, nor who we were,
Nor who, in consummation, we shall be :
Vestiges faint of glories not of earth

Are faith's sharp spurs to souls who feel the
stir

Within their womb, of spirits strong and
free,

Learning to claim the visions due their birth.

SECOND HALF-HOUR.

The heart of man will not believe the whole
Creation groans and travails in its pain
Together until now, to bear, in vain,
A still-born hope to manifest a soul.

The soul of man will not believe that all
Her year-long sorrows were but deadening
dreams
Of horror, driven through her life by streams.
Of eddying chance ; herself, a rolling ball.

The mind of man will not believe the life
Of all humanity has not some end
Transfiguring each life with purpose, till

Eternity should hold each soul's small strife,
And every single soul should learn to blend
Into the complex whole of God's great Will.

THIRD HALF-HOUR.

If such an end exist, what can it be?
Not strength, not wealth, for none must be
debarred,
And many are the weak, and poor, and
marred ;
Not mastery, for many are not free.

Not male or female occupations, since
Both man and woman must attain the same
Divinity, and both must claim
The right an equal courage to evince.

What then is common to the human race?
Duty, and selflessness, and lustless love,
Such as the angels bear to babes that die
Ere Heaven's brightness fade from off their
face ;
This is the common end of man, to look,
above
Man's own fair stars, to God's eternal sky.

FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

The end of man is God. The destiny
Of every human soul is to be made
Like Him in living glory, when the shade
Of earth shall have been lost in brighter day.

And as the love of God is so intense
That God Himself were not complete without
Some human want to fill, some human doubt
To crown with certitude through chastened
sense,

Just so the human soul were not complete
Without some reaching out in vague unrest
Into that realm where human will is grace

Divine ; where sundered souls may meet,
Where real manhood is the Vision blest,
Now dim and vague, then clear, then face to
face.

FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

Forgetful of the kingdom that awaits
Our conquering love, we grovel in the dust,
We play with toys, we dally with our lust,
And trick ourselves contentedly with baits.

And then, like waifs forsaken at the gates
Of some ancestral, long-abandoned hall,
When pain is on us, bitterly we call
Into the silence, till our life abates.

Shall no great hope transfigure all our life
With glories, and with might, and majesty?
Shall no high destiny bid terrors cease

Amidst the agonies of earthly strife?
Shall we fore'er forget our home on high
In light, in love, in everlasting Peace?

SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

The real life of man is lived alone
Amidst the flaming hosts of kindred souls
That surge in cosmic tides, and drift in shoals
Of stranded life, in seas to sight unknown.

At times, the nearest souls with prayer and
tears
Would fain live down the distance; but
though hands
Clasp hands, an ocean sunders their two
strands,
And an eternity their inner spheres.

For every spirit has his destiny
That calls him out into the fuller light
Of still a lonelier presence, till the sight
Of God Himself, and His eternity,
Until man's sight itself begin to cease,
And naught remain but Love, and Light,
and Peace.

Here beginneth the Second Watch.

FIRST HALF-HOUR.

We live our real lives alone, between
The howling beast whose dwelling-place we
are,

And the unborn Divinity, so far
Beyond us, though so near, because unseen.

From out this bitter loneliness we see
That all that we accomplished was God's
Will,

Discerning by the Spirit's loving skill,
Through dead events, God's voice of liberty.

Such are the truths discerning hearts can
find

For consolation through the darksome night,
Although to grosser eyes mere foolishness.

Yet, if we taste of peace within God's mind,
We pray to be deceived by error's might
If such a darkness bear such perfectness.

SECOND HALF-HOUR.

Who shall report what lies beyond the veil
Of flesh? At times, man hears the mystic
moan

Of spirit-oceans round him, feels unknown
Floods of intelligible fire. Then, pale

And trembling, he believes that there must be
Somewhat beyond his reach, somewhat be-
low

The depths of his desire. If this be so,
Man's love must be a shadow to that sea

Of light, whose smallest spark he deems
Glorious enough to be the very end
Of all. And if that be, beyond the grave,

What waits for him, if he can breast its
streams,

Shall he not fiercely with himself contend,
And gladly die his real self to save?

THIRD HALF-HOUR.

Were it quite just that every human soul
Should have but one existence on this earth,
When want, and ignorance, and sinful birth
Have barred so many out from self-control?

The same perfecting peace must be the whole
Creation's end : but patent is the dearth
Of passing souls of a sufficient worth
To see, at once, God's face :—the final goal.

Sown in corruption in an earthly grave,
The body may perhaps for ever die ;
Raised in the tears and vows of wasted lives

Each soul that has not won must once more
brave

These cosmic storms that sweep through
land and sky

Where God shall make her strive till she re-
vive.

FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

The pangs of death just stilled, the naked
soul

Helplessly hung amidst eternal night
Shivering at void immensity. The whole
Heavenly host had fled before death's might.

With all her unrepented sins, her fears,
The guilty soul stood powerless face to face ;
Now demons grown, they mocked her bitter
tears,

Her unmeant prayers, her hates, and her
disgrace.

“Grant death, O God ! My sins have lit the
morn

Of Hell !” The demons mocked, “There
is no death !”

The soul was thrust to earth and once more
born.

God is the end of all that draweth breath :
If one life bear not love, then God makes
more,

Till souls shall find His presence, and adore.

FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

“Give us the watch-word!” Guarding angels
cry

As upward flies a soul, but late sense-freed,
Unto the fiery gates of stars, to plead
For entrance to the mansions of the sky.

“If thou have not lived into thine own eye
By tears, by supplications, and by need
The Light from which up here all things
proceed,
Even in Heaven thou could’st not God de-
sire.”

The fearless soul recited then, in vain,
The Creed her childhood’s lip had learnt.
She pled
In vain all she had ever hoped to find above.

Slowly the gates of fire began to wane,
Weeping the angels passed away—One said
“Go back to earth once more . . . and
learn to love.”

SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

Not every soul that left the primal breast
Of God, to actualize His love on earth,
What time the morning stars sang out its
 birth,
Shall certainly again attain His rest.

The road is long, not measured out by days,
But centuries and yearnings and defeats ;
The spirit-guidance, late vouchsafed to heats
Of spirit-anguish, fails at every maze

Of thoughtlessness and passion. Finally,
The mere belief that there exists some rest
Beyond these travails, leaves the soul in
 night

Of purposeless despair at every cry.
Not every soul that left the primal breast
Of God, shall once more stand within His
 sight.

HYMNS FOR THE
AFTERNOON.

THIRD WATCH OF DAY.

PRAYER.

First Half-Hour	12.00 M.
Second Half-Hour	12.30 P.M.
Third Half-Hour	1.00
Fourth Half-Hour	1.30
Fifth Half-Hour	2.00
Sixth Half-Hour	2.30

FOURTH WATCH OF DAY.

DEVELOPMENT.

First Half-Hour	3.00 P. M.
Second Half-Hour	3.30
Third Half-Hour	4.00
Fourth Half-Hour	4.30
Fifth Half-Hour	5.00
Sixth Half-Hour	5.30

FIRST HALF-HOUR.

How sad the messengers of God must be
To find some human soul they came to lead
Into a higher presence through her need,
Self-satisfied, oblivious of the plea

Herself had raised with passionate design
To God ; and thus unable to receive
Or even recognize the new reprieve
Which her own prayers had wrung from
Love divine.

The misery of man's forgetting prayer
Is nameless. Would to God we heard
Forever threats of vengeance for the ill

We have committed : but, that were too fair
A road to Heaven ; we must guess God's
word,
And then remember Him, then do His Will.

SECOND HALF-HOUR.

I know not if there be a sadder sight
For purer eyes than ours, than souls whose
prayers

By tears were winged up Jacob's angel stairs
And answered with intelligible light,

Who use the Spirit's gifts to humiliate
Themselves more deeply before flesh and
blood,

To worship death more thoroughly, till the
flood

Of bitter after-lust o'erwhelm with hate.

How sad to clear the vision, but to see
More of the evil camped around the soul ;
How sad to cleanse the heart from earthly
love

To have more power to hate and disagree ;
And this to chance by lack of self-control—
By mere forgetting of the Home above !

THIRD HALF-HOUR.

We never cease from prayer. Sooner, the fire
Shall downward sweep its sparks, and thus
transgress

Its laws divine ; sooner the seas shall press
Skywards, and quench the light the stars
inspire.

Desire is life, and life is but desire
Interpreted by human consciousness :
And so desire of some kind must possess
The love-lit soul till she expire.

The doubt is not whether or not we pray,
But what the object of our prayer shall be ;
Whether the object bring us peace at last,

Or lead us further flesh-ward from the day,
Nearer unconsciousness,—less free,—
Less strong, less pure,—more bound unto
the past.

FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

The Lord of Heaven at times must grow
full sad

(If sorrow may afflict a heart divine),
To see His earthly children only glad
When finding in their growth some hopeful
sign.

His mighty father-heart must yearn to beat
Tremor to tremor with some instant prayer
Raised by a needy heart, for comfort sweet
To some less needy heart whose wounds
gape bare.

Those are the prayers which make God's
eyes more bright,
God's Hand more powerful ; that make Him
feel

Himself more fully God within the sight

Of angels grown more spiritual, who kneel
In holier rapture of a holier love,
And higher seek a higher height above.

FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

It is not heaven that is closed or dead ;
Our eyes are blind unto the hallowed host of
light

That camps around our dwelling day and
night,
To keep the demons from our heart and head.

In every noble action we are led
By guides who love us with God's heavenly
might,

Seeing in us alone the good and right
Their purer eyes alone have ever read.

With ceaseless supplications, cries, and
tears—

Stronger than ours,—they wait the destined
day

When we shall see God's beauty face to face—

When we shall know what now our hopes
and fears

Prove and disprove ; when we shall feel the
ray

Of light intelligible crown His grace.

SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

Kneeling at mothers' knees with piety
We heard of God, and Heaven, and Love,
and Peace,
And all those sweet strange words that never
cease
Like angels's words, to kindle purity.
Nor do they fail in life's long misery ;
They comfort still, from passion still release ;
Still haunt the souls that strive not to de-
crease
In might of faith, of hope, of charity.
No great foundation of the inner life
Is learnt as new in age ; in early years
The child absorbs, but cannot realize
The final revelations which, in the strife
Of selfishness subdued by pain and tears,
Must crown the soul, and leave it pure and
wise.

Here beginneth the Fourth Watch.

FIRST HALF-HOUR.

Forever breaking on her rock-girt shore
There is no respite for the bitter sea
Whose thousand voices rise incessantly
Unto the sky above in thund'rous roar.

Unless he be deaf-born, none can ignore
Their sound ; except he turn and flee
Until upon the mountain-summits, free,
His voice alone resound,—the sea's no more.

So, when a man has striven year by year
'Midst all the voices but to hear his own,
It is no sign that God's has passed away

From souls who live with Him, and hold
Him dear.

It is not God Whose light has dimmer grown,
But man, who journeys self-ward from the
day.

SECOND HALF-HOUR.

The miracles of God are still to-day
As close man's heart as when the earth was
 young,
Although th' apparent glories that then clung
To altar and to cross have died away.

The path from earthly night to heavenly day
Can never change until an angel's tongue
Proclaim a new divinity among
New needs new human beings would display.

And so, when man has failed in any task
The Spirit had imposed upon his will,
And easier tasks replace what seemed too
 hard,

These are no shorter roads ; they merely ask
For longer time to make man's passions still,
Since victories hasten, and since falls retard.

THIRD HALF-HOUR.

Sad is the day on which an aging soul
First wakens to some cosmic harmony
Which woos no answering ecstasy
Within herself. Vainly she feels its roll,

Mastered again by all her still-born dreams,
Trembling again with passionate desires
To vibrate passively unto the fires
Of elemental being's restless streams.

She would not grieve, if she but knew the
day
Was fast approaching, when on joyful wing
She should ascend from out her youth's poor
choice :

No more a universal symphony,
Lost in the song the morning stars still sing ;
Now one clear, single tone, of God's own
Voice.

FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

There is no sadder sight than men of age
Who, looking for the glories of their life,
Are forced to turn once more unto the strife
Divine, which in their youth they dared to
wage,

But which, as years wore on, they were afraid
To carry to successful issue, lest
They should thereby lose power, wealth or
rest ;
Or which they just forgot through prosperous
trade.

If man would but not waste his precious
might,
The highest God Himself would incarnate
Within the heart-strings of His creature's
prayer,

Would crown the forehead with the halo's
light,
Would cleanse the eyes until they saw the
great
And glorious majesty man too should share.

FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

In silent majesty the dying sun
On frozen darkness breathes his living light,
Throbbing with all his destiny's delight
To give out life before his course be run.

No world is barred the joy that he has won,
If it will but abandon distant night,
To come and breathe within his sea of might,
And spread God's light as he before had
done.

God is so good, no prayer could make Him
change

For better gifts the joys He has bestowed :
But man can change himself ; may draw full
near,

To God's transfiguring love, or may estrange
God's messengers, and feel the brutish load
Of Vengeance weigh him down from hope
to fear.

SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

Because the sky in blue magnificence
Glow through the ages 'round God's starry
frame,

Men deem it calm, ignoring the acclaim
Of cosmic storms, and their fierce vehemence.

Because man's body, like the world of sense
Remains from day to day almost the same,
He deems his mental states likewise may
claim

A dead inertia, endless, restless, tense.

Deep in the depths the tides of life both flow
And ebb unceasingly. Their sough foretells
In harmonies prophetic, weird and low,

The mysteries of God, Whose love impels
In waves still partial, human joy and woe,
To woo the soul wherein His image dwells.

HYMNS FOR THE
EVENING.

FIRST WATCH OF NIGHT.

THE LANDS BEYOND.

First Half-Hour	6.00 P.M.
Second Half-Hour	6.30
Third Half-Hour	7.00
Fourth Half-Hour	7.30
Fifth Half-Hour	8.00
Sixth Half-Hour	8.30

SECOND WATCH OF NIGHT.

DEATH.

First Half-Hour	9.00 P. M.
Second Half-Hour	9.30
Third Half-Hour	10.00
Fourth Half-Hour	10.30
Fifth Half-Hour	11.00
Sixth Half-Hour	11.30

FIRST HALF-HOUR.

In what glad ages wert thou born, O Soul,
That thou art dreaming still on earth of
peace,

When thou art caught in wheels that cannot
cease,

The cosmic surge of suns, the planets' roll?

To what glad ages art thou destined, Soul,
That thou art hoping still on earth for light,
When brave men faint amidst the gathering
night,

And strong men fail of even self-control?

From what glad ages hast thou come to me
Into the realms of weariness and lust?

To what glad ages art thou destined still,

Forsaking stream, and land, and sky, and
sea?

Thy purity could not be born of dust,

It could not end in aught but God's great
Will.

SECOND HALF-HOUR.

On many planes souls mingle. At times
they meet

As flesh to flesh, when either startled soul
In humiliation flees the flesh's control :
Degrading victory, or base defeat.

As mind to mind some souls each other greet,
With earnest questionings, which, not the
whole

Of due communion, still approach the goal
Of bodies meeting as the spirit's seat.

But when the eyes instinct with love divine
Seek kindred spirits, and in love contend
To purify weak souls that still have need,

Then man at length finds his own self divine,
Then God will crown men's foreheads as
they bend

To His great Will of love in thought and
deed.

THIRD HALF-HOUR.

Th' external world is neither good nor bad.
The ocean cannot love, nor can it trust ;
No moral qualities attach to dust,
To air, to rain, to mountains verdure-clad.

Unto the weary soul all things are sad,
Unto the pure all things are pure and just ;
All things are base unto the eye of lust,
All things bring blessings to the true and
glad.

And so, if man finds evil on this earth,
It is within himself that it exists
As he misused his opportunities ;

The saint sees God in everything of worth,
A dazzling beauty which no soul resists,
A satisfying maze of harmonies.

FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

Heaven and Hell ! Weird facts in well-worn
name !

Unseen, unheard, still known and hoped and
feared ;

Changing with every age, and yet the same,
As close to-day as when man first appeared.

Men see in others what themselves they are.
The sun were gloom, were not the eye first
light :

The lustling deems men brutes from beasts
not far,

The saint sees God's own image through all
blight.

Hell is perhaps the curse forevermore,
Helpless to interfere, to watch this life
And only see what we once felt before—

Blindness and failure, pain, and hate, and
strife.

Heaven, to see young souls each day new-
born,

Loving and calm, awaiting faith's great
morn.

FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

Heaven is not a place beyond the glare
Of deepest star, to which with magic flight
The sense-freed soul is wafted through the
 night

Of death by some kind angel's watchful care.

No ! heaven is the present memory
Of all the loving acts our wavering soul
May have conceived and purposed with the
 whole

Of her intensest love-capacity.

Which soul, when off her earthly husks shall
 fall,

Will stand in all her native dignity
Before the highest presence that her love

On earth have made her able to recall,
Singing the holiest chant her purity
Awakens at the sight of God above.

SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

Eternity ! which one of us shall ever know
How long, how near, how spiritual thou art,
How bestially we live from thee apart,
How wilfully we languish, dying slow !

For we believe that thou art peace, although
We cannot yet conceive thy counterpart ;
Mere harps and palms can never crown a
 heart,
External glories are but passing show.

Perhaps the angels' crown shall be the cares
Of souls that have not yet passed on from
 earth
Made holier by a willingness to die ;

Perhaps the angels' palm shall be the prayers
Offered through saints still struggling for
 new birth,
Presented by themselves once more on high.

Here beginneth the Second Watch.

FIRST HALF-HOUR.

Somewhere beyond the stars must be a land
Shrouded in sombre calmness, where the
light

Of suns cannot bring gladness nor at night
The pallid moon refresh the weary strand.

In leaguered hosts still spirits round it stand,
While tearful sobs and prayers, and cries unite
In one tumultuous passion-hymn their
might—

Wild sounds that God alone can understand.

It is the land in which our still-born prayers,
Forgotten aspirations, loves, and pains,
Await the consummation of all things.

Who knows but at the last the God of cares
Will crown, for every soul when she attains
With her forgotten life the love she brings?

SECOND HALF-HOUR.

What time the sinking sun has filled the sky
With pulsing glories, ere he pass away,
While star wakes star with trembling silver
ray

Prophetic of the midnight galaxy,

The weary shepherd glances far on high,
Wondering o'er what lands beyond the sun
Shines in his fulness,—now that the day is
done,

Now that the light grows mute, and calm the
eye.

Look at the hills of death, weak flesh and
blood,

Draw from them strength in trial and in ease,
Remember the beyond unknown in all

But that each sin shall meet us by the flood
Of gloom with fiery hand outstretched to seize
Us by our hopes for self, to make us fall.

THIRD HALF-HOUR.

By plague, by flood, by hunger, blood, and
fear,

The Lord shall plead with every soul of man,
Till He whom none can see and live, appear,
According to His own appointed plan.

Then shall His own new-born at last behold
The King in all His beauty and delight,
Midst seas of seraphim of living gold,
Loving his love, and lightening his light.

Cast forth into eternal solitude,
Dark, silent, chill, forgetful and forgot,
Dead in an everlasting bestial mood,—

Shall souls who sinned fore'er despairing rot?
God knows. Ah, let us love, be true, be
pure,

While we may change ourselves, while hopes
endure,

FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

There is no death. What seems to die away
But changes unessential form and place,
And so-called ownership ; for God can trace
Each love-born atom back into His day.

For, after all, there is no good desire
Or quality in man, that be not light
Of God refracted through the creature's night,
Since human life is love, and love is fire.

No true prophetic song has ever died ;
But journeyed on from heart to heart, from
tear

To tear, athwart the generations, still

Gathering the prayers of saints from far and
wide,

In one great hymn that those alone can hear
Whose only joy it is to do His Will.

FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

No human soul can utterly belie
Her destiny unceasingly to grow
Around somewhat outside herself, and so
To live in others, and for them to die.

Some souls have therefore given up their will
Unto the feverish flesh and all its lust,
Blinding themselves to God with earthly dust,
Till evil was their good, and good their ill.

Some souls live in their fellow-souls
Who live in them ; while others still endure
The curse to see their blessings prove a
 blight.

These are the loved of God whom He con-
 trols,
Jealous lest they should rest in aught less
 pure,
Than in the very fulness of His light.

SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

Who has not heard the voices of the night
Dying away into the midnight calm,
When wandering winds grow weary in their
flight,
And sleep has silenced sorrow, strife, and
psalm?

Who has not felt the hush of loneliuess
Calming each stifling sense's feverish lust,
Quenching each want and every bitterness
With hope of coming rest amidst the dust?

That is the hour of hours, the spirit's morn,
When man may stand erect and claim man's
right
To worship and adore ; when cries, upborne
On wings of prayer may reach the throne of
light :
When angels hover near, nor ever cease
To sing, to those who list, of God's great
Peace.

HYMNS FOR THE
MORNING.

THIRD WATCH OF NIGHT.

REPENTANCE.

First Half-Hour	12.00 M.
Second Half-Hour	12.30 A.M.
Third Half-Hour	1.00
Fourth Half-Hour	1.30
Fifth Half-Hour	2.00
Sixth Half-Hour	2.30

FOURTH WATCH OF NIGHT.

OPPORTUNITIES.

First Half-Hour	3.00 A.M.
Second Half-Hour	3.30
Third Half-Hour	4.00
Fourth Half-Hour	4.30
Fifth Half-Hour	5.00
Sixth Half-Hour	5.30

FIRST HALF-HOUR.

The ancient forest-larch, whose roots strike
deep

Into the earth, whose crown springs starward
high,

In silence waits the midnight wind to sweep
From out its boughs dim mists of melody.

What joy must thrill its swaying boughs to
hear

Waked from their dead inertia, harmonies
They knew not they could yield, so sad and
clear

That die in silent, quivering ecstasies !

Not less does man, with feet on lifeless earth,
With kingly heart, whose love can conquer
pains,

Stand mute, until, each sense at rest,

The spirit-waves close round him, and give
birth

In the passive soul to long-forgotten strains
She once had sung when on the Father's
breast.

SECOND HALF-HOUR.

These is no use, when fallen, to repent,
If that repentance be but grief or shame,
Without new works accomplished to proclaim

The past has been belied with full intent.

Our many failings never to lament,
And not to ask forgiveness for the same,
But straightway every weakness to disclaim
Would be the manliest course we could invent.

We weep at first because we try to raise
New motives to break loose from destiny—
We weep at last because we did succumb

And naught but Heaven can our cause
espouse :

But prayer to God for help is blasphemy
Unless determined fully to o'ercome.

THIRD HALF-HOUR.

There is a fairness in the gloaming's flight
No other hour of the day e'er knows :
Although when in his noon the sun's deep
 glows
Be more intense and yield more true delight.

There is a sadness in the dying light
A calm despair of desolate repose
That stirs the breast much more than deeper
 throes
Of pulsing gloom at middle of the night.

Youth has weird glories in its weariness,
Its bitter, living, self-controlled despair
Which certainty shows forth as fraught with
 ill ;

There is a magic sadness in the press
Of doubts that stifle with their lurid glare,
Which the might of spirit-faith must scorn
 and kill.

FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

It was a legend of the Church of old
That her dear Master, at the time He died
Was past man's middle age, and thus had
 tried
Each fear, and proved each hope that man
 can hold.

And thus the early fathers gladly told
How Christ, a child, stood by the children's
 side ;
To youths, a manly youth devoid of pride,
To men, a man, as any free and bold.

It is but right that each and every age
Should perfect be, and feel the Master near ;
Not ever reckoning some other time

In past or future the completed stage,
While present duty scorned, must disappear,
And dim God's glories in their dawning
 prime.

FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

What hast thou done, O soul, with all thy
dreams,

Thy hopes, thy aspirations, and thy prayers?
Hast thou dismissed them whilst oppressed
with cares,

As hollow sea-foam, bright with vivid
gleams?

They were thy precious primal heritage,

The warrant of thine own divinity ;

The guides that should have found thy des-
tiny,

The staff and pillow of thy pilgrimage.

What hast thou done with all thy dreams,
O soul,

Thy hopes, thy aspirations, and thy prayers?
Until thou find them, all the world despairs,

And thou canst never hope to reach thy goal.
Wake them again ! call back their glorious
light !

They are thy heaven, thy sword, thy shield,
thy might.

SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

For human souls each hour of conscious
life

Is but an opportunity to rise
Or fall, to learn to worship, or despise,
To love or mock, to win or lose the strife.

Each act is fatal, since each upward leap
Emboldens and empowers the soul to dare
To seek horizons wider and more fair,
Along an easier path, although more steep.

Each act is fatal, since each downward fall
Implies a long and dull forgetfulness
Of every former certainty and might ;

Implies an utter disbelief in all
The aims of life, in love, in tenderness,
Resigns the soul to lust, to fear, and night.

Here beginneth the Fourth Watch.

FIRST HALF-HOUR.

The iron rock, whose crown defies the might
Of cycled seasons through unfolding years,
Will break to dust before a change appears
To dwarf or magnify its glorious height.

The sleepless ocean suffers, day and night
From stream to cloud a round fore'er complete,
And thus can fall and rise, and then retreat
Ever the same, eternal, infinite.

No fate, no astral curse, no sin-got fears
Can predetermine that a soul should range
The wilds of her hereditary ills :

Begotten of herself in cycling years
At any hour she may begin to change
Her flesh, her mind, her spirit, as she wills.

SECOND HALF-HOUR.

Without the darkness, there would be no
light,
Nor waking state, without a previous sleep ;
Without the evil, none the good could reap,
Without the sorrow, none could know de-
light.

Without a hell, with which to learn to fight,
No man could conquer Heaven's rugged
steep :
And were not hell so infinitely deep,
None e'er could measure Heaven's endless
height.

The origin of evil is as clear
As that of good—neither exists alone ;
If man has no free choice, he has no worth ;
And if no moral worth, he cannot fear,
He has no hope, no palm, no crown, no
throne :
He has no spirit, and is merely earth.

THIRD HALF-HOUR.

Although man's life may be accounted long,
Since oft he wearies of it ere it end,
It is but short, for it can comprehend
But just so many deeds,—some right, some
wrong.

No youth returns, no deep desire for prayer
Unsatisfied, can wake again the soul ;
Each later one is sadder, and the whole
Of life's great hope less true—more vague
and bare.

Wandering dreams and senseless sleep debar
The soul from reaching out to meet
The messengers of comfort from above :

Which soul, when she shall pass beyond,
one star
The less will light, one angel less will greet,
One smile the less of God shall calm with
love.

FOURTH HALF-HOUR.

Men rarely pray but when some pressing
need

Has stricken down their lusting souls with
shame

Or sorrow. Then, awaked, at last they claim
Escape from justice, and for mercy plead.

And when their guardian angels intercede
For them with God, for the glory of His
name,

They yield again to lusts they overcame,
And drift along the tides when these recede.

That will be heaven, when man has learnt
to pray,

In joy, success, delight, and happiness,
As fervently as when in bitterest pain :

When man has learnt to praise and to obey
In fear, in sorrow, or in weariness,
With love as deep as when his love was gain.

FIFTH HALF-HOUR.

In olden times, whene'er a man was born
Into the world from out his mother's womb,
The wise men stood around all wrapped in
 gloom,
Weeping with anguish on his life's first
 morn.

Did they not know one spirit more was torn
From out the Father's breast to meet his
 doom,
To make a destiny, or fill a tomb,
Of all his pristine beauty shorn?

Earnest and sad should be a day of birth,
When to this crowded solitude's despair
Infant, one more predestined god appears,
And stakes upon his hopes his hard-earned
 worth.
Silence! Let prayer speed upward, future
 prayer!
He is arrayed in all his mother's tears.

SIXTH HALF-HOUR.

“ Rejoice,” wise men of olden times did say,
“ Rejoice, ye mourners, crowding round this
 hier !

Death prophesies the triumph-day is near !
Rejoice that one more soul has passed away !

Not that the sun shines not with golden ray
Through azure depths in which is hid each
 sphere

Whose lights amidst his universe appear
When night has calmed the dream of dying
 day.

Rejoice that one more soul has crossed the
 shore

Into the silent land of peace, where bide
Worn souls, until their time be all fulfilled,

That they may purify themselves still more !
But now, rejoice ! She rests, that here was
 tried,

Her pains have left her, and her cries are
 stilled ! ”

GOING.

At break of day we often disbelieve
The truths we held at middle of the night :
At noon, with passion, dare invoke a fight
Forgot and stilled ere darkness crowns the
 eve.

The youth will languish for the things that
 grieve
The many tottering years of failing sight ;
In health he labours for some wild delight
Which sickness questions, lest its sweets
 deceive.

Amidst these eddies of eternity,
We strive to stand unmoved, though they
 impress
Wrinkles of age upon our weary soul,

Whose solitude becomes her destiny
Unless she learn that all these pains express
God's Will to those who make His love their
 goal.

*So still, in Thy dear Hand, I lie—
Thine own forever, God of light;
In utter service to Thy Will
By voice of day, by star of night.*

*Nearer to Thee, my Destiny,
My Joy, my Crown, my Strength, my Rest;
Draw me to Thee that I may sleep
Forevermore upon Thy Breast.*

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